

POLICE REPORT MANY SALOONS

Number of Them Have Not Yet
Complied With Umlauf
Ordinance.

MAY COME UP TUESDAY

Violate Section Which Prohibits
Obstructed View of Interior
of Bar.

Numerous saloon proprietors have been reported by the police for failing to comply with the Umlauf ordinance, and all of them will be forced to appear in the Police Court before Justice Crutcher, either on Tuesday or Wednesday morning. All the saloons closed at the proper hour, but those reported failed to comply with that section of the ordinance which prescribes that an unobstructed view of the interior of the saloons may be obtained from the street.

The saloon-keepers reported are said to complain that they have not been given the necessary time in which to prepare themselves. On the other hand, the police authorities maintain that, since the ordinance has been published five times, as is prescribed by law, and since it was signed by Mayor McCarthy on December 18th, the proprietors of all saloons have had ample time to make the necessary changes in their places, such as removing screens, removing glazed windows and substituting clear glass, and all other obstructions.

Then, too, it is shown that no more than the saloon-keepers were interested in the ordinance, and that they have been fully aware of its contents and its effectiveness ever since its passage.

Penalty for non-compliance with the Umlauf ordinance is fixed at from \$100 to \$200 fine. If the proprietor of any saloon cannot be found, and only the bartender is reported, the fine may be collected by levying on the saloon.

Those Reported.

The proprietors who have been reported so far are as follows: Thomas, 800 North Second Street; William Meredith, 109 East Baker Street; H. H. Nolte, 113 East Canal Street; James Keaveney, 121 East Byrd Street; Silvia Fumal, 216 South Second Street; Pat Sullivan, 624 South Second Street; P. N. Tiller, First and Holly Streets; E. H. Hagan, 11 Holly Street; James Kain, 19 East Broad Street; A. Marx, 612 East Broad Street; H. Solomon, 110 East Broad Street; W. T. Tucker, 518 East Marshall Street; J. Conant and P. Lorenzo, 517 East Marshall Street; Terry Bros., 408 North Sixth Street; John D. Doyle, Seventh and Broad Streets; S. C. Gosselbrecht, 1214 East Main Street; W. Bottom, Twentieth and P Streets; Lawler's place, 402 East Broad Street; M. Conant, 14 East Broad Street; Nesbit Waldron, 305 North Adams Street; J. Y. Anderson, 15 West Broad Street; W. Miller, 314 North Sixth Street; H. Ullman, 412 North Sixth Street; Wolf's place, 422 North Sixth Street; Robinson, 412 North Sixth Street; Lucchesi's place, 316 North Sixth Street.

Chief Werner said last night that the police had positive orders to report all saloons violating the Umlauf

Neurology

The Evils of Eye-Strain Conquered.

By DRS. RUDD & BUCHANAN, Neurologists.

Nervous energy or vitality operates the human machine, just as steam or electricity operates the mechanical machine. Any excessive demand upon this vital energy, or disturbance of its regular flow, is certain to show as a functional derangement of some of the organs. We point to the fact that the human eye consumes ten per cent. of all the power generated in the brain—that is, the eyes are entitled to that much by Nature's assignment; but when they are defective they will involuntarily get the upperhand of the rest of the nervous system, and use up more nerve energy than they are entitled to, sometimes as much as seventy-five per cent. of all that is generated, in their effort to overcome their defects and maintain vision. This constitutes eye-strain. With these facts in view, it is easy to see that if the eyes consume an amount of the body's supply of nerve force in excess of their natural share, some other organ must suffer, because the eyes have thus become a leak on the system, and have so exhausted the supply of vitality that no organ can perform its function perfectly, purely from lack of the necessary power to operate it. Then medical doctors will find symptoms of deranged functions and treat the symptoms. We proceed to find the cause and remove it, and the symptoms will disappear of themselves. There is nothing mysterious about this. No theory is worthy of confidence until it has been practically demonstrated. More than ten thousand successful cases, hundreds of which had tried other methods as practiced by the most eminent old-school specialists, is about the best demonstration of the superior merits of Neurology that could be given.

Hours 9 to 5 Phone 4334
Appointments Made 501 East Grace Street

ordinance, and that a strict watch would be kept.

AT THE SEMINARY.

Number of Noted Speakers Will
Deliver Addresses.

Prof. W. S. Currell, Ph. D., who has devoted thirty-five years of his life to the study and teaching of English literature, having occupied the chairs of English at Hampden-Sydney and at Davidson College, and who for a number of years has been professor of English in Washington and Lee University at Lexington, will lecture at Union Theological Seminary in the chapel, on February 24th and 25th, beginning at 7:30 P. M., the subject of the first lecture being "Three Literary Types of Satan," and the second, "Tennyson's Princess."

The Students' Missionary Society of the seminary has selected the Rev. Alfred H. Momen, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Raleigh, N. C., to deliver the annual missionary address at the close of the current session, on Sunday night, May 5th. In accordance with the usual custom, this address will be delivered in one of the Presbyterian churches of the city.

The Rev. Dr. Henry C. McCook, president of the Presbyterian Historical Society of Philadelphia, will deliver his illustrated lecture on "Makemie and Makemie Land" during commencement

week. Dr. McCook is heading a movement to have the plot of ground in which the grave of Makemie lies, on the Eastern Shore of Virginia, purchased and made into a memorial park.

DR. FORSYTHE TO SPEAK.

Will Address Students and Women's Missionary Union.

Dr. Wylie H. Forsythe, a medical missionary to Korea, who is in Richmond as the guest of the Covenanters Companies of the city, will speak twice to-day. At 2 P. M. Dr. Forsythe will address the medical students of the two colleges in the chemical amphitheatre of the old college. Young men are especially invited, as there are seats for a limited number in addition to the members of the colleges.

At 8 P. M. Dr. Forsythe will address the Women's Missionary Union of the Presbyterian churches of the city at the Second Church, Fifth near Main Street, speaking on his personal experience in Korea. On account of this service there will be no night service in the other Presbyterian churches in the central part of the city, as all the congregations wish to hear Dr. Forsythe. Rev. Dr. Russell Cecil will preside at this service. A curious fact is that Dr. Forsythe comes from Lebanon, Ky., and from the same church in which Dr. Cecil was raised, the fathers of both men having been officers of the old Lebanon

Presbyterian Church. A large gathering will no doubt take advantage of the opportunity to hear Dr. Forsythe, who has a most thrilling story to tell.

COMPANY DISBANDED.

Order Issued by Adjutant-General Made Public.

Company H, of the Seventeenth Regiment, Virginia Volunteers, has been disbanded under an order issued a few days ago from the Adjutant-General's office, and made public only yesterday. The order is as follows:

Richmond, Va., Jan. 30, 1907.
General Order No. 4.
Upon the recommendation of the assistant inspector-general, and by reason of the fact that Company H, Seventeenth Regiment, Virginia Volunteers, is inefficient, the said company is hereby disbanded.

The colonel commanding will direct his adjutant or some other officer whom he may designate, to collect the arms and other property of the company, to be held until order is made as to their disposition.

By order of the Governor, Claude A. Swanson.

(Signed) CHARLES J. ANDERSON, Adjutant-General.

CRUSADE AGAINST JEWS.

People of Odessa Treat Them With Great Cruelty.

ODESSA, February 2.—The elements of the population of this city opposed to the Jews are renewing their efforts to organize an anti-Jewish attack, and as a result the people of Odessa, of whom about one-third are Jews, are in a state bordering on panic. To-day armed bands, unopposed by the police, walked about the streets shouting "Death to the Jews." During the past week not less than sixty Jews, including a number of students and school boys, have been stabbed and otherwise mercilessly maltreated, and numerous Jewish shops have been looted. These outrages occurred in broad daylight.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN KILLS YOUNG FARMER

MONTGOMERY, ALA., February 2.—A special to the Advertiser from Elba, Ala., says that Richard Parker, an aged Confederate soldier shot and instantly killed Arch Nelson, a young farmer, after a desperate shotgun duel in front of Parker's home. They quarreled over business matters, and Parker had been warned to expect an armed conflict.

Dr. McDaniel Will Preach.

Rev. Dr. George W. McDaniel, who was slightly bruised up in an accident on Broad Street Friday, has almost entirely recovered from his injuries, and will sit his pulpit at the First Baptist Church this morning and this evening.

De Oro Defeated Cline.

ST. LOUIS, MO., February 2.—Alfredo De Oro, former pool champion of the world, to-night defeated Harry Cline, of Philadelphia, in a special match of cue, cushion billiards, forty to thirty. De Oro averaged 1.48 and Cline 1.16. There were nine runs of four made during the contest.

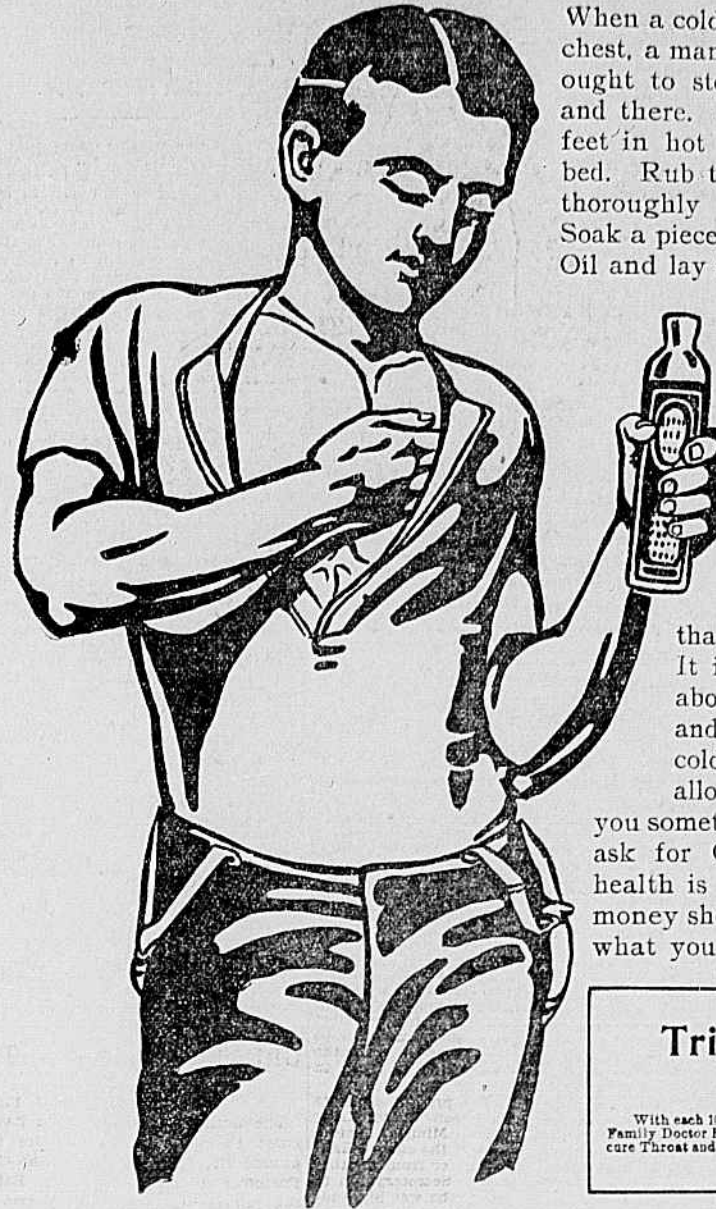
OREGON TO BE ALTERED.

A Million to Be Spent to Make Battleship Modern.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 2.—

Omega Oil

FOR Cold in Chest



When a cold goes down into the chest, a man or woman or child ought to stop work right then and there. Go home, soak the feet in hot water and get into bed. Rub the chest and throat thoroughly with Omega Oil. Soak a piece of flannel with the Oil and lay it on the chest over

night. See to it that the bowels are kept open. Stay in the house several days, if necessary, until the trouble is gone. The use of Omega Oil brings about a much quicker cure

than any other remedy. It is to be applied as above every morning and night until the cold disappears. Never allow a druggist to sell

you something else when you ask for Omega Oil. Your health is at stake, and your money should command just what you want to buy.

**Trial Bottle
10c.**

With each 10c. bottle is given free a 40-page Family Doctor Book that tells how to treat and cure Throat and Chest Troubles at home. 833

Sold by all druggists at 10c., 25c., and 50c., a bottle.

The famous battleship Oregon is to be modernized and Secretary Metcalf announced to-day that he had authorized the expenditure of \$1,000,000 out of the naval repair fund for that purpose. Of the best type of warship when she was

launched, the Oregon is already almost obsolete, and to make her equal to modern men-of-war she must be extensively overhauled. The changes to be made will be similar to those ordered for her sister ship Indiana, the most important being the substitution of balanced elliptical

turrets for the round turrets, which cause the ship to heel heavily when all four of the big 12-inch guns are pointed over the same side of the ship. The alterations will be made at the Puget Sound Naval Station, and will consume one year.

Jerome K. Jerome Has Something to Say on Being Introduced

[Copyright, 1906, by Jerome K. Jerome.]
HARMED. Very hot weather we've been having lately—I mean cold. Let me see. I did not quite catch your name just now. Thank you so much. Yes, very nice man indeed. No, I'm only passing through. And a silence falls, neither of us being able to think what to say next.

What has happened is this: The editor of the *Illustrated* has met me in the doorway and shaken me heartily by the hand. "So glad you were able to come," he has said. "Some friends of mine here, very anxious to meet you." He has hustled me across the room. "Delightful people. You'll like them—have read all your books." He has brought me up to you and presented me. We have exchanged the customary commonplaces, and you are waiting for me to say something clever, original and tactful! And I don't know whether you are a Presbyterian or a Mormon, protectionist or free trader; whether you are engaged to be married or have lately been divorced.

A friend of mine adopts the sensible plan of always providing you with a short history of the person to whom he is about to lead you. "I want to introduce you to a Mrs. Jones," he whispers. "Clever woman. Wrote a book two years ago. Forgot the name of it—something about twins. Keep away from sausages—father ran a pork shop in the borough. Husband on the Stock Exchange. Keep off coke—unpleasant about a company. You'll get on best by sticking to the book. Let it be about platonic friendships. Don't seem to be looking too closely at her. Got a slight squint she doesn't like noticed." By this time we have reached the lady, and he introduces me as a friend of his simply dying to know her. "Wants to talk to you about your book," he explains. "Disagrees with you entirely on the subject of platonic friendship. Sure you'll be able to convince him." It saves us both a deal of trouble. I start at once on platonic friendship and ask her questions about twins, avoiding sausages and coke. She thinks me a most interesting man, and I am less bored than otherwise I might be.

I have sometimes thought it would be a serviceable device if in society we all of us wore a neat card—pinned, say, upon our backs—setting forth such information as is necessary: One's name legibly written, and how to be pronounced; our age, not necessarily in good faith, but for the purposes of conversation; I seriously hurt a German lady once by demanding of her

information about the war of 1870. She looked to me forty. It turned out she was only twenty-seven. Had I not been an Englishman I might have had to fight a duel. Our religious and political beliefs, together with a list of the subjects we were most at home upon, and a few facts concerning our career, sufficient to save the stranger from the foot in it. Before making jokes about Chamberlain or discussing the South African war, one would glance behind and note whether one's companion was ticked "Imperialist" or "Pro-Boer." Guests desirous of agreeable partners—"an agreeable person," according to the late Lord Beaconsfield's definition, being "a person who agrees with you"—could make their own selection. "Excuse me," I would say, mind turning round a minute. Ah, "Wagnerian Crank." I am afraid we should not get on together. I prefer the Italian school." Or, "How delightful. I see you don't believe in vaccination. May I take you in to supper?" Those, on the other hand, fond of argument, might choose a suitable opponent. A master of ceremonies might be provided who would stand in the center of the room and call for partners: "Lady with strong views on subject of female

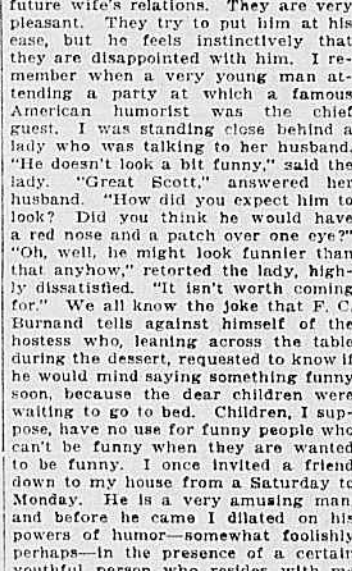


"THEY'VE PUT ME NEXT TO MY FIRST WIFE."

franchise wishes to meet with gentlemen of sound conservative principles." "Brewer of comfortable means desires introduction to lady abolitionist."

An American lady a year or two ago wrote me a letter that did me real good,

and she appreciated my work with so much understanding, criticised it with such sympathetic interest. She added that when in England the summer before she had been on the point of accepting an invitation to meet me, but at the last moment had changed her mind, she felt so sure—she put it pleasantly, but this is what it came to—that in my own proper person I should fall short of her expectations. For my own sake I felt sorry she had cried off; it would have been worth something to have met so sensible a woman. An author introduced to people who have read or who say that they have read his books feels always like a man taken for the first time to be shown to his future wife's relations. They are very pleasant. They try to put him at ease, but he feels instinctively that they are disappointed with him. I remember when on a very young man attending a party at which a famous American humorist was the chief guest. I was standing close behind a lady who was talking to her husband. "He doesn't look a bit funny," said the lady. "Great Scott," answered her husband. "How did you expect him to look? Did you think he would have a red nose and a patch over one eye?" "Oh, well, he might look funnier than that anyhow," retorted the lady, highly dissatisfied. "It isn't worth coming for." We all know the joke that F. C. Burnand tells against himself of the hostess who, leaning across the table during the dessert, requested to know if he would mind say something funny soon, because the dear children were waiting to go to bed. Children, I suppose, have no use for funny people who can't be funny when they are wanted to be funny. I once invited a friend down to my house from a Saturday to Monday. He is a very amusing man, and before he came I dilated on his powers of humor—somewhat foolishly perhaps—in the presence of a certain youthful person who resides with me and who listens when she oughtn't to and never when she ought. He happened not to be in a humorous mood that evening. My young relation after dinner climbed upon my knee. For quite five minutes she sat silent. Then she whispered: "Has he said anything funny yet?" "Hush, no; not yet. Don't be silly." Five minutes later: "Was that funny?" "No, of course not." "Why not?" "Because—can't you hear. We are talking about old age pensions." "What's that?" "Oh, it's—oh, never mind now. It isn't a subject upon which one can be funny." "Then what's he want to talk about it for?" She waited for another quarter of an hour. Then evidently bored, and much to my relief, suggested herself that she might as well go to bed. She ran to me the next morning with an



DIVED HEADFOREMOST INTO A BED OF FLOWERS.

fine amateur bicycle champion. I have him still, but he has come down to a motor car. In sporting circles I was always introduced as "Shorland's uncle." But my case was not so bad as that of a friend of mine, a doctor. He married a leading actress and was known ever afterward as "Miss Blank's husband." At public dinners, where you take your seat for the evening, next to some one you have possibly never met before and are never likely to meet again, finding conversation is difficult and dangerous. I remember talking to a lady at a Vagabond club dinner. She asked me during the course of the evening—with a light laugh, as I afterward recollected—what

air of triumph. "He said something funny last night," she told me. "Oh, what was it?" I inquired. "I must have missed it." "Well, I can't exactly 'member it," she explained, "not just at the moment. But it was so funny. I dreamed it."

For folks closely related to lions, introductions must be trying ordeals. You tell them that for years you have been yearning to meet them—that this is indeed a privilege. They, then, at this point, have to explain to you that they are not the Mr. So-and-so, but only his brother or his father, and all agreed can think of to say is, "Oh, I'm so sorry." I had a nephew who was a



DIVED HEADFOREMOST INTO A BED OF FLOWERS.

wide, flat brads which have been so good all season for suits and dresses and skirt joined, the joining concealed by a sash. These form a welcome addition to a wardrobe both for their beauty and suitability to many occasions. Braids trim almost all the new bathing suits—a few trimmed with the

I thought candidly of the last book of a certain celebrated authoress. I told her and a coldness sprang up between us. She was the celebrated authoress. She had changed her place so as to avoid sitting next to another lady novelist. One has to change one's place sometimes on these occasions. A newspaper man came up to me once at the Mansion House. "Would you mind changing places with me?" he asked. "It's so awkward. They've put me next to my first wife."

A troubled evening I had years ago was when I accompanied a young widow lady to a musical "at home" given by a lady who had more acquaintances than she knew. My friend spoke first. "Say Mrs. Dash!" The butler did not wait for more, but shouted out, "Mr. and Mrs. Dash." "My dear, how very quiet you have kept it," cried our hostess, delighted. "Do let me congratulate you!" The crush was too great and our hostess too distracted at the moment for any explanations. We were swept away, and both of us spent the remainder of the evening feebly protesting our singleness. If it had happened on the stage it would have taken us the whole play to get out of it. Stage people are not allowed to put things right when mistakes are made with their identity. If the light comedian is expecting a plumber, the first man that comes into the drawing room has got to be a plumber. He is not allowed to point out that he never was a plumber; that he doesn't look like a plumber; that no one not a blithering idiot would mistake him for a plumber. He has got to be shut up in the bathroom and have water poured over him just as if he were a plumber—a stage plumber, that is. Not till right at the end of the last act is he permitted to remark that he happens to be the new curate. I sat out a play once at which most people laughed. It made me sad. A dear old lady entered toward the end of the first act. We knew she was somebody's aunt. Nobody can possibly mistake the stage aunt, except the people on the stage. They, of course, mistook her for a circus rider and shut her up in a cupboard. It is what cupboards seem to be reserved for on the stage. Nothing is ever put in them except the hero's relations. When she wasn't in a cupboard she was in a clothes basket or tied up in a curtain. All she need have done was to hold on to something while she said to the hero, "If you'll stop shouting and jumping about for just ten seconds and give me a chance to observe that I am your maiden aunt from Devonshire all this tomfoolery will be avoided." That would have ended it. As a matter of fact, that is what did

end it, at five minutes past 11. It never occurred to her to say it before.

In real life I never knew but one case where a man suffered in silence—unpleasantness he could have ended with a word—and that was the case of the late Corney Grain. He had been engaged to give his entertainment at a country house. The lady was a nouvelle riche of snobbish instincts. She left instructions that Corney Grain when he arrived was to dine with the servants. The butler, who knew better, apologized, but Corney was a man not easily disconcerted. He dined well, and after dinner rose and addressed the assembled company. "Well, now, my good friends," said Corney, "if we have all finished, and if you are all agreeable, I shall be pleased to present to you my little show." The servants cheered. The piano was dispensed with. Corney contrived to amuse his audience very well for half an hour without it. At 10 o'clock came down a message: "Would Mr. Corney Grain kindly come up into the drawing room?" Corney went. The company in the drawing room were waiting, seated. "We are quite ready, Mr. Grain," remarked the hostess. "Ready for what?" demanded Corney. "For your entertainment," answered the hostess. "But I've given it already," explained Corney, "and my engagement was for one performance only." "Given it. Where? When?" "An hour ago, downstairs." "But this is nonsense," exclaimed the hostess. "It seemed to me somewhat extraordinary," Corney replied, "but it has always been my privilege to dine with the company. I am asked to entertain. I took it you had arranged a little treat for the servants." And Corney left to catch his train.

Another entertainer told me the following story, although it was a joke against himself. He and Corney Grain were sharing one summer cottage on the river. A man called early one day to discuss matters and was talking to Corney in the parlor, which was on the ground floor. The window was open. The other entertainer—the man who told me the story—was dressing in the room above. Thinking he recognized the voice of the visitor below, he leaned out of his bedroom window to try to hear better. He leaned too far and dived headforemost into a bed of flowers. He has got to be shut up in the bathroom and have water poured over him just as if he were a plumber—a stage plumber, that is. Not till right at the end of the last act is he permitted to remark that he happens to be the new curate. I sat out a play once at which most people laughed. It made me sad. A dear old lady entered toward the end of the first act. We knew she was somebody's aunt. Nobody can possibly mistake the stage aunt, except the people on the stage. They, of course, mistook her for a circus rider and shut her up in a cupboard. It is what cupboards seem to be reserved for on the stage. Nothing is ever put in them except the hero's relations. When she wasn't in a cupboard she was in a clothes basket or tied up in a curtain. All she need have done was to hold on to something while she said to the hero, "If you'll stop shouting and jumping about for just ten seconds and give me a chance to observe that I am your maiden aunt from Devonshire all this tomfoolery will be avoided." That would have ended it. As a matter of fact, that is what did

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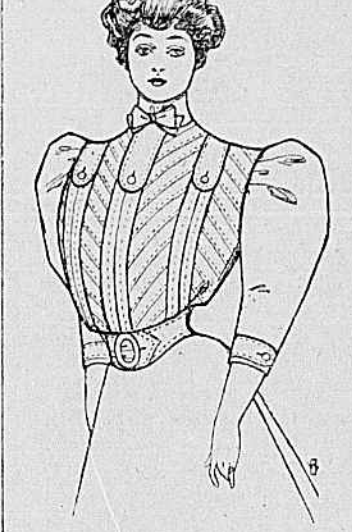
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What's his name," he explained. "Wonderful spirits. Can be funny in the morning."

From a Journal

A Smart Silk Blouse.

Very smart is the silk blouse illustrated. A lovely shade of pale blue



goes into its making, with odd trimmings of brownish silk overlaid with Irish lace. Buttons and the high girdle are of the contrasting silk.

Unnecessary Questions.
Happy is the man in a home with a woman who does not ask unnecessary questions—be she wife or sister or mother.

A writer in one of her little touches of description says, "She excelled in the rare art of taking things for granted." Which means that when her husband came home tired and hot and irritable she did not deluge him with stupid questions as so many women do, but preserved a discreet silence. "Are you tired, dear?" when any one with a pair of eyes could see he was dead beat. "Has not it been a scorching day?" when the thermometer has fluctuated from 85 to 90. "Can I do anything for you?" when all the poor man wants is to be left in peace. These are not the failings of a woman who has learned the art of taking things for granted.

OF INTEREST TO THE LADIES.

Charming dress accessories can be constructed from remnants. Bits of lace can be used. Taffeta silk is taffeta silk any way you look at it. It will wear out just as quickly hanging in a bureau drawer as it will when you have it on. It is im-

possible to prevent the cracking and splitting of even the best quality of it, so you might as well make the most of your silk petticoat while it is in good condition. Nets and batiste or mulls elaborately embroidered in cut work, satin stitch

and open designs, are made up in princely styles or at least with the waist and skirt joined, the joining concealed by a sash. These form a welcome addition to a wardrobe both for their beauty and suitability to many occasions. Braids trim almost all the new bathing suits—a few trimmed with the

wide, flat brads which have been so good all season for suits and dresses and skirt joined, the joining concealed by a sash. These form a welcome addition to a wardrobe both for their beauty and suitability to many occasions. Braids trim almost all the new bathing suits—a few trimmed with the

dar and white gingham dress was given a lot of character by the beads—dull streaky lavender and white ones—that were worn with it. Dainty mother-of-pearl handled fans are being carried by women who follow the newest fashions in the popular revival of this beautiful opalescent material for belt buckles, brooches, etc.

Its use for fans this season is appropriate and harmonizes with the filmy materials of which the latter are made. Plain silk muslin, if you shirr it, makes stunning summer evening gowns. But don't attempt to tuck it. Hot milk, heated to as high a temperature as it can be drunk, is a most

refreshing stimulant in cases of cold or overfatigue. If there is cold meat for dinner an appetizing dish to serve with it is tomatoes that have been cut in rather thick slices, rolled in egg and bread-crumbs and fried in a little hot lard. Boilers or bridge costs offer a field for odds and ends.